King. With all my heart.

Prin. Then, brother Iohn of Lancaster,
To you this honourable bounty shall belong,
Goe to the Douglas, and deliuer him
Vp to his pleasure, ransomelesse and free:
His valours shew'n vpon our Crests to day,
Haue taught vs how to cherish such high deeds,
Euen in the bosome of our aduersaries.

Iohn. I thanke your grace for this high curtesie,
Which I shall giue away immediatly.

King. Then this remaines, that we deuide our power,
You sonne Iohn, and my coosen Westmerland
Towards Yorke shall bend, you with your deerest speed
To meet Northumberland and the Prelate Scroope,
Who, as we heare, are busily in armes:
My selfe, and you, sonne Harry, will towards Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the Earle of March.
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,
Meeting the checke of such another day.
And, since this businesse so faire is done,
Let vs not leaue, till all our owne be won. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.